

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. IV.]

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[NUMBER 197.]

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DELPHIRA; or,

The Benevolent Shepherdess;—A Pastoral Tale.

THE rosy daughter of the dawn, her purple robe floating in the skies, had already sprinkled the dewy fields with light, when Delphira, pensive and impatient, awaited her young Myrtillo in a bower interwoven with jessamine and woodbine. Reposing at first under the verdant shelter, soon she rises, and seating herself at the entrance, surveys attentively the grove through which her lover must pass, and once exclaims "Myrtillo!" A few moments after, she enters the bower again, with an accent of pity, often repeats "Poor Thyrsis unhappy! Unhappy Thyrsis!" Then reclining against a tree which supported the bower, she thus, with the voice of malady, poured forth the feelings of her heart.

"How sweetly do the morning beams shine on the wild roses of the wood! They gild the plumage of the lark, who soars aloft, supported by the Zephyrs, and fills the air with his melodious notes. The sparkling dew drops seem to have revived the flowers. Never did the meadows glow with more vivid verdure. The feathered warblers in the trees, the shepherds in the vallies, sing, in concert, the charms of Nature, which seems, as it were, to awake from a peaceful sleep. And yet, this enchanting sight makes but a faint impression upon my heart. How often have I repaired to these scenes at the dawn of day? When I beheld all the country adorned by the spring. I shed tears of joy! I sung, with transport, the reviving beauties of Nature. My soul seemed to expand like the blooming rose which the sweet Zephyr caresses. But the languor of compassion now unfits me for these pleasures. No, no, I cannot listen with joy to the songs of felicity with which these scenes resound, while Thyrsis is unhappy. Ah! how I long to see Myrtillo! I will communicate my design to him; I will say to him, "Thyrsis, once so happy, is now reduced to poverty. Let me give him the cottage which is not far from mine. I have two: one is sufficient for me. I will give him also the half of the fruit I gather."—But, Myrtillo, thou lovest me; thou art often jealous; thou mayest think, perhaps, that Love, not Humanity, leads me to this action. "Thyrsis is handsome," thou wilt say, "perhaps thou lovest him."—Ah! Myrtillo, it is thee alone I love. I love the more than the Zephyr loves the flowers, than the bee loves the Spring. It is not love, Myrtillo, that inspires me with pity: it is Virtue. The misfortunes which I myself have experienced have taught me to assist and comfort the afflicted."

At this instant, Myrtillo, seeking his shepherds, came singing through the wood. Delphira knew the sound of that voice: her heart palpitated with a joy, mingled with tender solicitude. "He is come," she exclaims: "he is in the forest." Salute, ye tender flowers, with your fragrance, the lover I adore. Beam upon him, thou Sun, with benignant rays. Ye gentle Zephyrs, refresh him with reviving coolness; and, ah! ye flowering shrubs, ye embowering thickets, impede not the steps of my beloved!"—"At this instant, Delphira descends her shepherd as he enters the meadow that divides the forest from the bower. They run to meet each other. How inexpressible their joy! How tender, how rapturous their embraces!

As they approached the bower, arm in arm, Delphira said to herself, "How shall I speak to him? I know not how to begin."—Her bosom was agitated by a tender fear: she made an effort: "Hear me, Myrtillo; thou art one of the votaries of Virtue: thy heart is not unaffected by the woes of thy fellow creatures. We have said, a thousand times, that nothing can equal the celestial joy which Benevolence inspires. I must hope then, that thou wilt seize with transport the opportunity of relieving one of the neighbouring shepherds. Thou dost not know, perhaps, what desolation the last storm has spread over the plain. The torrent which rushed down from the mountain carried away all before it."

"Yea! I have heard of it: it was dreadful indeed! neither rocks, nor trees, nor cottages, could stand before that torrent; the ravages of the storm were horrible. The consternation of the shepherds."

"Alas!" interrupted Delphira, "this is too true. The torrent has swept away the trees and cottage of the unfortunate Thyrsis. His once fruitful fields are now covered with sand; he has saved only a few sheep from the inundation."

"Poor Thyrsis! we must assist him," said Myrtillo, in the first emotion of compassion.

"Good," thought Delphira, "I will tell you, Myrtillo, what I purpose to do. Let us give up to Thyrsis the cottage which is near mine; I mean that which my deceased brother left me. We will give him part of our fruits, and some sheep, which shall feed in our meadows."

Myrtillo seemed to be musing: he looked steadfastly at his shepherds: "Delphira!" said he, with an air of embarrassment, and he paused.

This single word, and the look that accompanied it, began to distress the benevolent

maid: "Tell me Myrtillo," said she, "tell me what you mean?"

"Ah! Delphira! I fear,"—and again he looked at the shepherds in a manner inexpressibly affecting.

Delphira perceived the cause of his apprehensions; but she would not seem to understand it. "What canst thou fear?" said she. "Is not a good action the source of the most delightful sensations? are not the pleasures of virtue inexhaustible? Myrtillo, my dear friend, it is by beneficence alone that men resemble the gods."

"Delphira! perhaps Love."

"Myrtillo, I understand. But be perfectly easy in that respect. I appeal to the Author of my Being, that Humanity alone, not Love, persuades me to this action. Can we behold the calamity of this young shepherd with an eye of indifference? How lately did he seem to enjoy the most perfect felicity! How charming was the situation of his cottage! His meadows watered by such fine streams, glowed with perpetual verdure. His flocks furnished him with abundance of milk, and with wool whiter than snow. The fruits of his trees were delicious; and the gods loaded him with blessings. Behold him now plunged in misery. And how severely must he feel that misery, who till then had never known misfortune! Let us save this unfortunate man, Myrtillo: he is virtuous: he did not deserve these misfortunes."

"How much I suffer, my Delphira, in not instantly consenting to your wishes. Oh! thou half of myself, nothing but the most ardent affection could induce me to combat in myself the suggestions of humanity. I am certain, at present, that it is this divine principle alone which renders thee so sensible to the misfortunes of Thyrsis. But, my dear Delphira, Thyrsis is handsome: he dances with inexpressible grace. His voice, his manner is enchanting. Thou knowest that no one plays so delightfully upon the flute as Thyrsis. Thou hast heard him sometimes, perhaps, when the vallies have echoed with his delightful harmony. Thyrsis in a word, is blessed with a variety of talents; but I can boast of nothing but a heart that adores thee. Canst thou assure thyself, that the attractions of this shepherd whom thou wilt so often see, will never make any impression upon thee? Wilt thou continue to behold my constancy and fidelity with the same pleasure? Is it not possible to assist Thyrsis without giving him the cottage? In a few days, my Delphira, we are to be united in the bands of Hymen: why should we expose our happiness to the possibility of danger?"

[To be Concluded in our Next.]

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.
GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION of BACHELOR'S ISLAND.

*When Hymen's Torch glows in the marry'd Breast,
All wandering Passions are at Rest:
In constant Love we every Pleasure find,
And every Solace in a female Mind.*
SIR.

A Correspondent of your's having taken it into his head, to send you what he calls "A Geographical Description of the Isle of Matrimony," your impartiality will oblige you to insert the following as a retort for so unjustifiable an attack on the married state.

Bachelor's Island is situated on the burning sands of the Deserts of folly, where even the savage inhabitants of the forest seldom venture to tread. It is bounded on the East, by the Regions of Affection, Vanity and Deceit; on the North, by the Territories of Fear and Cowardice; on the South, by the burning Zone of remorse, disease, and death; and, on the West, by the dead lake of oblivion. Hence it is easily to be supposed, that the air of this Island is sultry, enervating, and pestiferous; exposed to perpetual scenes of storm, hurricane, and tempest; and its climate, like the minds of its inhabitants, is never settled for an hour. The spring of Bachelor's Island totally differs from that of any other I have hitherto read of, as that is here the reason of the most pernicious heat, and in which the generality of its inhabitants are possessed with a kind of madness the most destructive to themselves, the most injurious to every civilized country, and the most subversive of unguarded innocence. Those, who weather out the spring, and live to see the summer, though they lose a great degree of madness, yet in that season they become artful, hypocritical, and treacherous. Their winter is truly despicable indeed, since, among all nations upon all earth, you cannot express your contempt of a man more pointedly than by calling him an old bachelor—a thing that lives only for itself—a thing that has no social harmony in its soul—a thing that cares for nobody, and whom nobody regards—a thing that, like a mushroom, delights in bogs and morasses, but hates the generous warmth of the noon day sun. Though the natives of this miserable Island make those of the isle of matrimony, the constant object of their ridicule, yet there have been numberless instances of their stealing from their own Island into that of matrimony, where they have prevailed on some good-natured easy creatures to become their nurses and restorers, after their constitutions have been nearly ruined in their former miserable abodes; for, in the isle of matrimony, though clouds now and then gather over it, yet they serve only to render the remainder of the day more brilliant and cheerful. In Bachelor's Island, love is a thing much talked of, but totally unknown to them; and they are hated and despised, robbed and plundered, by the objects of their miserable embraces. If cards are the usual diversions of the people on the Island of matrimony, they are considered only as an amusement; but, on Bachelor's Island, they are productive of the most shocking vices, such as the grossest scenes of drunkenness and debauchery, the total ruin of their private fortunes, and even murder itself sometimes is the consequence. How many have quitted this Island, and fled to that they so much despised, in order to repair their ruined fortunes, by seeking a rich and amiable partner? Bachelor's Isle is a mere desert, incapable of producing any thing but nettles, thorns and briars: here are no bleating lambs to please the eye of innocence; here no doves cherish their young, nor does the useful fawn bound over their barren plains; but wolves, tigers, and crocodiles, are here seen in abundance. Here are neither wife nor children to weep over the deceased; but owls hoot, ravens

croak, and the reptiles of the earth crawl over their graves. In short, of all animals that nature produced, an old bachelor must be the most contemptible: he lives a useless being on the earth, dies without having answered the end of his creation, in opposition to the mandate of his great maker, and is at last consigned even to oblivion.
Feb. 14. HYMEN.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To Miss

WHAT agitates that pensive sigh?
And why in tears—Ah tell me why?
At Delia's malice dost thou pine?
Can she thus move thee—Ageline?
And shall such despicable foes
Rob that dear bosom of Repose?
Cause it with keen regret to heave,
And bid thy guiltless spirit grieve?
Should aught the fays one feeling stir,
Save pity and contempt of her?
Contempt, to which the wretch was born,
And pity half suppress'd by scorn?
Yet, if thy gentleness be such,
Thou suffer'st from the reptile's touch;
And sensibility impart
To slander, pains that reach thy heart;
If softness, candour, graceful ease,
The talents, and desire to please;
If delicacy, worth, and sense,
But mould thee to give more offence,
To those in whose rank hearts abide,
Envy and wrath, and spleen and pride;
Still there is left, beyond dispute,
A method to make Delia mute;
To sooth the fierce ferocious dame,
And civilize and render tame.
'Tis this:—to Delia, for a day,
Lend but thy soft bewitching sway;
The will, the wish, the power to bless,
With innocence and loveliness,
The sweet result of cultur'd youth,
Genius and beauty, taste and truth,
Which interest, agitate, alarm,
Attract and win, inchant and charm.
Then, Gods! with what an alter'd face,
Accent and look, and mien and grace,
Person and temper, mind and heart,
Would Delia into being start!
Forgetful of a soul and form,
On which the ugliest look with scorn;
No more to hers would be prefer'd,
Chins with a much less stubborn beard;
No more to hers the tawny cheek,
Of damsels dingier than a leek:
Or livid vixen's verjuice lip,
Of rougher velvet than Zantip.—
No more to hers—eyes tho' they low'r,
Like clouds portentous of a show'r;
The huge brown rough Herculean Limb,
Stomach robust, and features grim,
Grown taper, gentle, soft and white,
No more disgust, no more affright!
No more the invenom'd ranc'rous elf,
Would hate all beings save herself;
But many a hideous habit moan,
In sad contrition's softest tone:
Sweet then might ev'ry accent come,
Tho' now a—perfect kettle drum.
But chiefly wou'd our wonder rise,
E'en to the summit of surprize;
And pause to ponder and debate,
Mark, note, and muse, and meditate;
Then doubt, incredulously sage,
In such an unprodigious age;
Empty of faith, and full of mirth,
This prodigy's portentous birth;
A grow'ling, dark, corrupted mind,
Reform'd, illumin'd and resist'd.

New-York, Feb. 9.

RINALDO.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrison,

Please to give the following a place in your next Museum, and oblige
Z. Y.

NEIGHBOUR THOMPSON. I have just returned from New-York, and I know you love to hear about religion, churches, and ministers. I will tell you, while I was there, I staid with an acquaintance of mine, who was much such a man as yourself—he prayed three or four times a-day in his family, he catechised his children and servants; and O! how sweetly the whole family sung hymns together! Sunday came, I was invited to go to his church, which he said was the Dutch church, I was at once willing, because they told me there was an organ to play. I followed the good man and his family through the isle not a little surprized to see such a spacious plain neat building, and the people courteously throwing open their pew doors, inviting me to a seat. How they knew that I was a countryman, I cannot tell; I thought I looked and acted as they did. This piece of politeness, however, I considered as uncommon to Dutch people; my friend at length reached his pew, and I took a seat with him. I was scarcely seated, before the organ began to play. I was almost raised from my seat by the melody of this sweet instrument, accompanied by so many sweet voices, who sung the same tune.—A man of a majestic appearance now rose in the pulpit, who my friend told me was Dr. Livingston. He took his text from that passage in St. Mark's Gospel, respecting blind Bartimeus, who sat by the way side begging. Here he paused and apologized for his indisposition, said he should not be able to do justice to the subject, the very naming of which seemed to affect the whole assembly. But however indisposed, he appeared well disposed, and brought to my mind ancient Athens, and Paul standing in the midst on Marr's hill, and that the audience was made up of Dionysius's, Damaris's, and others. In the evening I again went with my friend to the same place of worship, more charmed than ever, the church more crowded, but the audience equally solemn and orderly. The preacher whom my friend told me was Dr. Linn, spoke from a passage in the book of Job, on the shortness and uncertainty of human life. Here I was again brought back to Marr's hill; nay, my imagination even carried me to old Ephesus, where I stood beholding, and hearing the great Apollos; but looking around I found myself still by the side of my old friend, with astonishment I gazed about, saying to myself, are these Yorkers: You know, neighbor Thompson, we used to think them all a combined set of sharpers, to say no worse of them; and that after they picked neighbor Hu's pocket, and took away his money, we used to charge John and Jim always to keep their hands on their pockets when they were in York. The decency, good order and devotion which prevailed in this large congregation, made me alter my opinion of the Yorkers. Worship being ended, (five grave persons slept from their seats, and made a handsome collection, meanwhile the organ played sweetly; the mode of collecting is better and differs from that in the country, elegant silver plates are here used; but I was much at a loss what was the use of the bags which hung near the pulpit all this time untouched. All being done) I followed my friend and with some difficulty we reached the box, a place near the door made of panel work, and painted mahogany, which seemed to be put up on purpose to obstruct the passage. Here to be sure was some disorder, a train of little fellows, clad in London brown, like so many furies, rushed through the crowd. My friend told me they were the charity scholars. The ladies were much incommoded by them, some in a soft tone of voice, said, "children dont crowd so;" others a little

displeased, said, "where is the Sexton?" Others, "where is Mr. Latham? Does he take no better care of his scholars?" My friend told me this Mr. Latham was that excellent singer who let the tune, and who also was the teacher of the free school; that he was a young gentleman of education and character, but rather inattentive to the manners of his scholars when they were out of school. By this time we were at the door. Here a new scene opened: Two ranks stood ready formed the whole length of the yard, leaving only a small passage for the congregation. I viewed those ranks with a degree of surprise. This revived the old opinion which we had formed of the Yorkers, forgetting that I was with my old friend, who kept me in his eye. I instantly clasped both my hands to my pockets, determined to keep my money, frequently starting from one rank to the other, while prest in front and rear by the throng, to make my escape, if possible, when an opportunity offered. At length I saw an opening, and prepared to spring through; but here again I was prevented, the Sexton had been so sparing of his labor, that none of the snow had been removed farther than the sides of the narrow walk, which at once stopped my flight. I then was obliged to content myself in the contracted walk; but determined on keeping my pocket book, I kept a watchful eye upon the ranks. With great anxiety at length reached the gate, and found myself again in the street. Here I recovered myself so much, that I again knew my old friend. I asked him who those were that formed the ranks which we had passed: He told me they were the prodigal sons of wealthy and sober citizens, who were full proof against admonition, and seemed determined to indulge their wicked inclinations at the expence of their own reputation. I have not time to tell you the other occurrences, but must leave it until I see you again.

New-York, Feb. 14. A COUNTRYMAN.

NEW-YORK, February 18.

BY a gentleman who passed through Albany on Friday 6th inst. on his way to the seat of government, from Niagara, which place he left the 8th ult. we have received the following serious information which may be depended on. He says the British have two new schooners which were launched last summer carrying each 18 six pounders, and a gally carrying a 32 pounder in the bow—all laying now at Detroit; and that they are collecting materials at the same place for building a large ship immediately—that 2500 barrels more of provisions and ammunition have passed the carrying place at Niagara this fall, than any year since the peace—for what purpose time will unfold.—It will be but justice, however, to add, that our informant was in the garrison at Niagara soon after the defeat of our army—and that the British officers appeared to sympathize in our misfortunes with a great deal of sincerity. It is supposed that nest of implacable bloody minded loyalists who are strung along upon the great lakes, have been the principal cause of exciting such a general spirit for war among the Indians.—

Ye out-casts of society, beware of your steps, think not to disturb the repose, or insult the dignity of an independent nation much longer with impunity. Once the 15 arms of Columbia are lifted against you in earnest, all your armed vessels, and your tawney allies will not protect you from annihilation.

[Albany Paper.]

AUTHENTIC Extract of a letter from a gentleman of the best information at Havre, dated October 15.

"Our harvest has not turned out quite so well as last year, we shall be in want, not here, but at Nantes, Bourdeaux, and Bayonne. Those pro-

vinces must depend upon strangers for supplies, for the more fertile parts of France have not yet an idea of succouring those of a contrary description, and if they had, the means of transmitting their produce are obstructed. About fifteen days since the English opened their sea ports to us; notwithstanding which I have reason to think that inhabitants of the United States will not be disappointed of a good market in sending their grain to the above mentioned ports."

Another letter from the same gentleman, dated Oct. 27, mentions as follows: "Virginia tobacco is selling from 34 to 40 shillings per cwt. This is reckoned a good price."

SHIP NEWS.

Captain Wheaton, of the Nancy, who arrived here yesterday from Bristol, left there the following vessels, belonging to, and bound to this port, Brig Lively, Clark, William, Dekay, ———, Davidson.

Capt. Hook, of the Betsey, arrived here on Wednesday in 28 days from Curacao, left at that place the brig Calliope, Snell, of this port to sail in 10 days;—Sloop ——— Gardner, of do. to sail in 3 weeks.

Extra from Lindsey's (Norfolk) Hotel Diary, January 27, 1792.

We have heard very melancholy news from the road—The ship George, (that draws 18 feet) is forced by the ice into 13 feet off the mouth of Tanners Creek, and obliged to bear the force of ice, which throws her beam ends each way, as the tide ebbs and flows—The ship Thomas, after floating several days up and down the river, is drove ashore on Pigg Point—The Friends, with three other square rigged vessels, are in the ice of Nansemond, and at the mercy of the tide—The sloop Hamilton was drove on Sewell's Point and cut so by the ice, that she had at one time three feet water in her hold; fortunately a large field of ice threw her on her beam ends, so that her keel was out of water; the Captain took the advantage and got it stopped; should the weather prove favorable we hope she will be safe—There is a brig in from Salem, forced on the Diamond rock.

Boston. On the 9th of January last, Capt. Moses Fessenden, in the sloop Ranger, sailed from this port for Broad Bay. On the evening of the 18th, he tried to put into Cape Porpoise, but the tide being against him, he anchored at the mouth of that harbour. During the night the wind blew from the north-eastward very fresh, and early in the morning of the 19th, became so very violent, that he was obliged to slip his cables, and drive out to sea, in order to escape being driven upon the breakers. On the 23d, lost the rudder, and the weather continuing so tempestuous he was obliged to cut away his mast. In this condition he drifted wholly at the mercy of the wind and waves, with the gloomy prospect of inevitable death, either by starving, drowning, or freezing, for they were unable to kindle a fire.

On the 26th, being 130 leagues from land, they were relieved by Capt. Benjamin Foster, of Cape Ann, in a brig. 47 days from Martinico. Capt. Foster with extreme difficulty and hazard, sent his boat to the wreck and brought off Capt. Fessenden, & Mr. William Davies, of this town, and Mr. John Mears, of Roxbury. These unfortunate men, worn down with hardships and fatigue, having their feet and hands frozen, began to experience that superior which is the effect of universal chill. When they got on board the brig they were soon made more comfortable by the aids of a warm cabin, and the kind attention of Capt. Foster and his crew. On Wednesday last, the brig arrived at Cape Ann, where the inhabitants, with their usual hospitality and sympathy, received the sufferers, and strove with each other who should show them most kindness.

Extra from T. ALLEN's (New-London) Marine List.

Feb. 6. Arrived at Stonington, a brig from Oporto, Capt. a Portuguese, bound to New York. Their flesh fell from their feet, arms, &c. being severely frozen. Hard winter, Jack, this winter's coat.

Arrived, schooner Nabby, E. Clark, from Cape Francois, in 20 days, via Tarpaulin and all along shore here; with whom came passenger, Mr. E. Danton, of this city.

MARRIED

On Thursday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Gen. MATTHEW CLARKSON, of this city, to Miss SALLY CORNELL, daughter of the late S. Cornell, Esq. of Newbern, North-Carolina.

On Tuesday last, at Long Swamp, Huntington, Long-Island, by the Rev. Mr. Whitmore, his son NOAH, to Miss WINIFRED SMITH, daughter of Mr. Joel Smith, of same place, yeoman.

"He came, he saw, he conquered."

On Sunday the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers Mr. ALEXANDER FRAZIER, of this City, to the agreeable Miss HULDA WILKINSON, of Morristown, New-Jersey.

On Thursday Evening the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Capt. PATRICK O'BRIEN, to the Amiable Miss NANCY CARR—both of this city.

Same Evening by the Rev. Dr. M. Knight, Mr. SAMUEL TERRY, Merchant, to Miss ANNE LEAKE CARR,—both of this place.

On Wednesday last, at new Utrecht, Long Island, by the Rev. Peter Low, Mr. GARRET COSINE, of New Lots, to the agreeable Miss VAN BRUNT, daughter of Mr. Isaac Van Brunt.

On Thursday Evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. EDWARD LUNAGAN, to the amiable Miss MARIA SIGGERS, a young lady in whom is concentrated the beauty of Venus, the youth and health of Hebe, the mirth of Thalia, and the sprightliness of Euphrosyne!—both of this city.

Oh Woman!—lovely Woman,
Nature made you to temper Man.

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T H E A T R E.

By the OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.
On MONDAY EVENING, the 18 h inst. will be presented, a COMEDY, (not performed here this season) called,

HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

END of the PLAY.

Dancing on the Tight Rope,
By the LITTLE DEVIL and Miss PLACIDE.

To which will be added a variety of

ENTERTAINMENTS,

As will be expressed in the bills of the Day.
The doors will be opened at a Quarter after 5, and the curtain drawn up precisely at a Quarter after 6 o'clock.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

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A few copies of the
AMERICAN ORACLE,
May be had of Hodge and Campbell, Berry and Rogers, and T. Allen, New-York.

Price Two dollars in boards:—Containing
An account of the New discoveries that have been made in the Arts and Sciences, with a variety of religious, political, physical, and philosophical subjects, necessary to be known in all families, for the promotion of their present felicity and future happiness—by the Hon. SAMUEL STEARNS, L.L.D.

Also, a few copies of the
PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE,
Printed in London, containing—Arguments, for and against the doctrine of Universal salvation, with other useful and profitable subjects, price eleven shillings, half bound. Feb. 11. 1797

The COURT of APOLLO.

L I N E S,

Written by Dean Swift, on Dr. Delaney's Country Seat, called Delville.

WOULD you that Delville I describe,
Believe me, friend, I will not gibe;
For who would be satirical,
Upon a thing so very small.
You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before your at the very center;
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm he takes his flight:
Yet in this narrow compass we
Observe a vast variety—
Both walks, wall, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay and grafs, and corn it yields:
All to your market brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping.
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadow both,
Though small the farm, yet there's a house
Full large to entertain a—mouse;
But where a cat is dreaded more,
Than savage Caladonian boar:
For if its entered by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.
A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a dale,
Like tears a-down a wrinkled cheek,
Or rain along a blade of leek;
Yet this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could it but force its restless bill
To scoop the channel of the rill:
I'm sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Was it as big as city gutter.
Next come I to your kitchen garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And in this garden is a walk,
No bigger than a Taylor's chalk:
Thus I compute what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute;
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze,
Up through a tuft you call your trees;
And once a year a single rose,
Peeps from its bud but never blows:
In vain then you expect its bloom,
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short in all your boasted feat,
There's nothing but yourself that's great.

ENIGMA.

THERE's an old fellow walks at such a rate,
You'd take him for a Spaniard by his gait,
Pray who do you think it is? He cannot hear,
Yet still among good music does appear,
If you should ask how old he is, I'd answer,
He's old enough to be old Adam's grandfire.
He can do nothing, yet is such a don,
That still without him nothing can be done.
He ruins all things, yet he strikes no where;
On all things feeds, his harvest's all the year.
To dark oblivion he turns all all things over,
And yet, 'tis strange, he all things does discover.
Thus his true character you fully have,
But cannot think who 'tis, without his leave.

PEACE

IS the quiet and tranquility of kingdoms, bury-
ing all seditions, tumults uproars, and facti-
ons; and planting ease, quietness and security,
with all the flourishing means of happiness.

THE MORALIST.

A MAXIM.

THOSE actions which we denominate virtu-
ous, have not any absolute and independent,
but a relative and reflected beauty, and the source
from which they derive their lustre is the intenti-
on which guided them. If well intended, whe-
ther they produce good or evil, they are equally
virtuous. The producing good or evil are the ac-
cidents; the intention to produce good, is the
essence of virtue; and this is the criterion or test,
by which virtue is to be determined.

MR. GREENWOOD,
Surgeon Dentist and Operator for the Teeth.

GIVES his most respectful compliments to the
Ladies and Gentlemen who please to honor
him with their commands, and begs they will send
word, if convenient, previous to their calling on
him, or wanting his assistance, as perhaps it may
prevent a disappointment, except when immediate
attendance is necessary. As Mr. Greenwood is
often engaged when called upon, he will with plea-
sure wait on those Ladies or Gentlemen who can-
not conveniently call on him at his house, No. 5,
Vesey-street, opposite the N. E. side of St. Paul's
Church.

N. B. His abilities in the line of his profession
is well known and approved by the first families in
the United States as well as Foreigners.

Mr. Greenwood's Specific Dentifrice for clean-
ing the teeth, preventing the scurvy, and prefer-
ving the gums, in using it recommends itself. To
be had at his house, at 2s. 6d. per box, or 24s.
per dozen. 94

LIVERY STABLES.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the publi-
in general, that he has furnished himself with
two convenient stables, (the one in Sate-Lane, in the
rear of the Bank, Hanover-Square; the other No. 1,
Berkly-Street, opposite to Messrs. Charles and James
Warners,) for the reception of Horses and Carri-
ages by the day, week, month or year, at the very low-
est prices. He has at the above stables, elegant Sad-
dle and carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for
the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant
Saddle Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a
rate as any in this city. Wm. WELLS.

New-York, September 3, 1791.

N. B. At the above stables Gentlemen may have
their horses nick'd in the newest and best manner,
and may depend upon having the strictest attention
paid them, as he has procured hands solely for that
purpose. 73 1/2

DANIEL CAMPION,
TAYLOR.

No. 22, Water Street, opposite the Coffee-House,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and
the public in general, that he has received
by the late vessels from Europe, an elegant as-
sortment of goods, amongst which are, Dutch
and French superfine broad cloths, of superior
quality. Also superfine cassimers and elastics, sat-
tins, florentines, thicksets, vest patterns, and a
handsome assortment of fashionable buttons; he
has also a few boxes of silk hose, which will be
disposed of on the most reasonable terms.

He takes this opportunity of returning his most
grateful thanks to his friends and such gentlemen
as have been pleased to honour him with their cus-
tom. He is determined for the future, to keep
none but the best of workmen, in order to give
full satisfaction, by getting his work well done,
and paying strict attention to his business.

S. L O Y D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER,

BEES leave to inform her friends and the public
in general, that she carries on the above bu-
siness in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock
street.—She returns her most grateful acknow-
legments to her friends and the public for past fa-
vours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their
commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to
give satisfaction, and on the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.
January 2, 1792. 93 1/2.

S K I N N E R,

Surgeon Dentist,

WITH sentiments of gratitude acknowledges
the patronage he has hitherto been honor-
ed with in the line of his profession, and respect-
fully informs his friends and the public, that he
will assiduously study to merit every favor.

It is an indisputable truth that a clean, regular,
sound set of teeth, contribute greatly to the beau-
ty of the face, that they are indispensibly necessa-
ry to the preservation of a clear and distinct pro-
nunciation, as well as useful in Mastication; Mr.
Skinner engages to furnish even those who have
been so unfortunate as to loose the whole of their
teeth with any number from a single tooth to a
complete whole set; those he transplants grow as
firm in the jaw as the original teeth, the artificial
are substituted without extracting the old stumps,
or giving the least pain in the operation.

He cleanses and restores the teeth to their ori-
ginal whiteness and the breath to its natural sweet-
ness, by removing the tartar, which by negligence
and inattention collects upon the teeth, insinuates
itself under the gums, separates them from the
teeth, eventually occasions their loosening and
falling out of the jaw, and is the first cause of in-
troducing those vitiated juices or scorbutic humors
commonly called the scurvy, evils that ought to be
early noticed and remedied by all classes of people.

Mr. Skinner's intimate knowledge of the prac-
tice and remedies of one of the most eminent Den-
tists in London, enables him to give permanent re-
lief in a few minutes, from the most excruciating
pain proceeding from carious teeth without extrac-
ting them, his very low charges (from what has
heretofore been demanded) for operations upon
the teeth, must be satisfactory (it is presumed) to
every person who pleases to consult him, he de-
mands no fee for performing any operation that
does not equal the most sanguine expectations.

SKINNER'S DENTIFRICE POWDER and
TINCTURE for the Teeth and Gums composed
of such medicinal preparations as are particularly
adapted to the preservation of those parts by perse-
vering in the daily use of them, (after the tartar is
extracted) will give the teeth a beautiful whiteness,
preserve the gums in health, and the breath pure;
they are pleasant to the taste, and destructive to
nothing but disease. Sold by most of the apothec-
aries, Stationers and perfumers in New-York,
and the proprietor, No. 27, John-Street, opposite
the Play House, with directions, price 2/6. each.

N. B. The indigent, afflicted with pains in
the teeth, will be relieved gratis.

New-York, August 15, 1791.

70 4/2.

Printing in General,

Executed at this Office,

With neatness, accuracy and dispatch,
on as low terms as any in this city.